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ladies' photographs in it as belonged to him. The number was respectable, if the ladies were not, and when he had rummaged for the love-letters and all the other mementoes that he had preserved, he realised that an empty grate was a drawback to destroying the collection effectively.

"It was no light undertaking to persuade the astounded and contentious concierge that he had need of a fire at the close of a day on which the temperature had been tropical; but he wrung fuel from her at last, and ultimately he made it blaze.

"Behold, Simone! I do not hesitate!" he said firmly, bearing the collection to the hearth. 'All that remains of errors that I deplore—I reduce them to ashes!' And having seized at random a photograph of a damsel in a fluffy frock reclining on the sward, he would have hurled it into the fire the very next instant if it had not been that his hand was suddenly arrested by remembrance.

"All the same, it had charm, that error!" he conceded, viewing the portrait thoughtfully. 'How delicious a fete this recalls to me—what a roseate dawn of illusion! Didn't you look like a dream in that white frock under the almond blossom? . . . Done with! the folly is finished. Still, I won't burn you first, little

woman!' And he took another photograph instead.

"When all is said, you had qualities!" he murmured, contemplating it. 'When you weren't in a temper, no one could be sweeter. And you have nothing to reproach me with, hein?—you could not expect copyright in me. To-day you would not recognise me. I am reformed; I would not revive our romance if I could. Nevertheless—for the sake of one scene in particular—you shall not be the first, *ma belle!*'

"Sapristi!" he exclaimed, apostrophising the next that he snatched, 'how you could make me laugh, you! You were good company—you said good things. Where do you say them now? Yes, the epitaph is merited—I was never dull with you. . . . Over! I shall never laugh again—I am another and a better man. But for all that, you must not suffer first, my child!'"

Of course, as a matter of fact Tricotrin burns none of the photographs which is just as well since he does not marry out of Bohemia. And when he comes back we wish him in no other part of all Paris. We wonder why no man has done, and perhaps no man can do, such a pleasantly sentimental little scene about Washington Square. Is it perhaps, because all our grates have given place to steam radiators?

PARTING

Mine oft-reiterated pray'rs in vain
The parting guest would stay: Oh,
cherry-flow'rs!
Pour down your petals, that from out
these bow'rs
He ne'er may find the homeward path
again!

—From the *Japanese*.